

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—SHAKESPEARE.

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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## A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

In Three Books.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE THIRD. THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER X. THE SUBSTANCE OF THE SHADOW.

"I, ALEXANDRE MANETTE, unfortunate physician, native of Beauvais and afterwards resident in Paris, write this melancholy paper in my doleful cell in the Bastille, during the last month of the year, 1767. I write it at stolen intervals, under every difficulty. I design to secrete it in the wall of the chimney, where I have slowly and laboriously made a place of concealment for it. Some pitying hand may find it there, when I and my sorrows are dust.

"These words are formed by the rusty iron point with which I write with difficulty in scrapings of soot and charcoal from the chimney, mixed with blood, in the last month of the tenth year of my captivity. Hope has quite departed from my breast. I know from terrible warnings I have noted in myself that my reason will not long remain unimpaired, but I solemnly declare that I am at this time in the possession of my right mind—that my memory is exact and circumstantial—and that I write the truth as I shall answer for these my last recorded words, whether they be ever read by men or not, at the Eternal Judgment-seat.

"One cloudy moonlight night, in the third week of December (I think the twenty-second of the month) in the year 1757, I was walking on a retired part of the quay by the Seine for the refreshment of the frosty air, at an hour's distance from my place of residence in the Street of the School of Medicine, when a carriage came along behind me, driven very fast. As I stood aside to let that carriage pass, apprehensive that it might otherwise run me down, a head was put out at the window, and a voice called to the driver to stop.

"The carriage stopped as soon as the driver could rein in his horses, and the same voice called to me by my name. I answered. The carriage was then so far in advance of me that two gentlemen had time to open the door and alight before I came up with it. I observed that they were both wrapped in cloaks, and appeared to conceal themselves. As they stood

side by side near the carriage door, I also observed that they both looked of about my own age, or rather younger, and that they were greatly alike, in stature, manner, voice, and (as far as I could see) face too.

"'You are Doctor Manette?' said one.

"'I am.'

"'Doctor Manette, formerly of Beauvais,' said the other; 'the young physician, originally an expert surgeon, who, within the last year or two has made a rising reputation in Paris?'

"'Gentlemen,' I returned, 'I am that Doctor Manette of whom you speak so graciously.'

"'We have been to your residence,' said the first, 'and not being so fortunate as to find you there, and being informed that you were probably walking in this direction, we followed, in the hope of overtaking you. Will you please to enter the carriage?'

"The manner of both was imperious, and they both moved, as these words were spoken, so as to place me between themselves and the carriage door. They were armed. I was not.

"'Gentlemen,' said I, 'pardon me; but I usually inquire who does me the honour to seek my assistance, and what is the nature of the case to which I am summoned.'

"The reply to this, was made by him who had spoken second. 'Doctor, your clients are people of condition. As to the nature of the case, our confidence in your skill assures us that you will ascertain it for yourself better than we can describe it. Enough. Will you please to enter the carriage?'

"I could do nothing but comply, and I entered it in silence. They both entered after me—the last springing in, after putting up the steps. The carriage turned about, and drove on at its former speed.

"I repeat this conversation exactly as it occurred. I have no doubt that it is, word for word, the same. I describe everything exactly as it took place, constraining my mind not to wander from the task. Where I make the broken marks that follow here, I leave off for the time, and put my paper in its hiding-place. \* \* \* \* \*

"The carriage left the streets behind, passed the North Barrier, and emerged upon the country road. At two-thirds of a league from the Barrier—I did not estimate the distance at that time, but afterwards when I traversed it—it struck out of the main avenue, and presently stopped at

a solitary house. We all three alighted, and walked, by a damp soft footpath in a garden where a neglected fountain had overflowed, to the door of the house. It was not opened immediately, in answer to the ringing of the bell, and one of my two conductors struck the man who opened it, with his heavy riding-glove, across the face.

"There was nothing in this action to attract my particular attention, for I had seen common people struck more commonly than dogs. But, the other of the two, being angry likewise, struck the man in like manner with his arm; the look and bearing of the brothers were then so exactly alike, that I then first perceived them to be twin brothers.

"From the time of our alighting at the outer gate (which we found locked, and which one of the brothers had opened to admit us, and had re-locked), I had heard cries proceeding from an upper chamber. I was conducted to this chamber straight, the cries growing louder as we ascended the stairs, and I found a patient in a high fever of the brain, lying on a bed.

"The patient was a woman of great beauty, and young; assuredly not much past twenty. Her hair was torn and ragged, and her arms were bound to her sides with sashes and handkerchiefs. I noticed that these bonds were all portions of a gentleman's dress. On one of them, which was a fringed scarf for a dress of ceremony, I saw the armorial bearing of a Noble, and the letter E.

"I saw this, within the first minute of my contemplation of the patient; for, in her restless strivings she had turned over on her face on the edge of the bed, had drawn the end of the scarf into her mouth, and was in danger of suffocation. My first act was to put out my hand to relieve her breathing; and in moving the scarf aside, the embroidery in the corner caught my sight.

"I turned her gently over, placed my hands upon her breast to calm her and keep her down, and looked into her face. Her eyes were dilated and wild, and she constantly uttered piercing shrieks, and repeated the words, 'My husband, my father, and my brother!' and then counted up to twelve, and said, 'Hush!' For an instant, and no more, she would pause to listen, and then the piercing shrieks would begin again, and she would repeat the cry, 'My husband, my father, and my brother!' and would count up to twelve, and say 'Hush!' There was no variation in the order, or the manner. There was no cessation, but the regular moment's pause, in the utterance of these sounds.

"How long," I asked, 'has this lasted?'

"To distinguish the brothers, I will call them the elder and the younger; by the elder, I mean him who exercised the most authority. It was the elder who replied, 'Since about this hour last night.'

"She has a husband, a father, and a brother?"

"A brother."

"I do not address her brother?"

"He answered with great contempt, 'No.'

"She has some recent association with the number twelve?"

"The younger brother impatiently rejoined, 'With twelve o'clock?'

"See, gentlemen," said I, still keeping my hands upon her breast, 'how useless I am, as you have brought me! If I had known what I was coming to see, I could have come provided. As it is, time must be lost. There are no medicines to be obtained in this lonely place.'

"The elder brother looked to the younger, who said haughtily, 'There is a case of medicines here;' and brought it from a closet, and put it on the table. \* \* \* \* \*

"I opened some of the bottles, smelt them, and put the stoppers to my lips. If I had wanted to use anything save narcotic medicines that were poisons in themselves, I would not have administered any of those.

"Do you doubt them?" asked the younger brother.

"You see, monsieur, I am going to use them," I replied, and said no more.

"I made the patient swallow, with great difficulty, and after many efforts, the dose that I desired to give. As I intended to repeat it after a while, and as it was necessary to watch its influence, I then sat down by the side of the bed. There was a timid and suppressed woman in attendance (wife of the man down stairs), who had retreated into a corner. The house was damp and decayed, indifferently furnished—evidently, recently occupied and temporarily used. Some thick old hangings had been nailed up before the windows, to deaden the sound of the shrieks. They continued to be uttered in their regular succession, with the cry, 'My husband, my father, and my brother!' the counting up to twelve, and 'Hush!' The frenzy was so violent, that I had not unfastened the bandages restraining the arms; but, I had looked to them, to see that they were not painful. The only spark of encouragement in the case, was, that my hand upon the sufferer's breast had this much soothing influence, that for minutes at a time it tranquillised the figure. It had no effect upon the cries; no pendulum could be more regular.

"For the reason that my hand had this effect (I assume), I had sat by the side of the bed for half an hour, with the two brothers looking on, before the elder said:

"There is another patient."

"I was startled, and asked, 'Is it a pressing case?'

"You had better see," he carelessly answered; and took up a light. \* \* \* \* \*

"The other patient lay in a back room across a second staircase, which was a species of loft over a stable. There was a low plastered ceiling to a part of it; the rest was open, to the ridge of the tiled roof, and there were beams across. Hay and straw were stored in that portion of the place, fagots for firing, and a heap of apples in sand. I had to pass through that part, to get at the other. My memory is circumstantial and unshaken. I try it with these details, and I see

them all, in this my cell in the Bastille, near the close of the tenth year of my captivity, as I saw them all that night.

"On some hay on the ground, with a cushion thrown under his head, lay a handsome peasant boy—a boy of not more than seventeen at the most. He lay on his back, with his teeth set, his right hand clenched on his breast, and his glaring eyes looking straight upward. I could not see where his wound was, as I kneeled on one knee over him; but, I could see that he was dying of a wound from a sharp point.

"‘I am a doctor, my poor fellow,’ said I. ‘Let me examine it.’

"‘I do not want it examined,’ he answered; ‘let it be.’

"It was under his hand, and I soothed him to let me move his hand away. It was a sword-thrust, received from twenty to twenty-four hours before, but no skill could have saved him if it had been looked to without delay. He was then dying fast. As I turned my eyes to the elder brother, I saw him looking down at this handsome boy whose life was ebbing out, as if he were a wounded bird, or hare, or rabbit; not at all as if he were a fellow-creature.

"‘How has this been done, monsieur?’ said I.

"‘A crazed young common dog! A serf! Forced my brother to draw upon him, and has fallen by my brother’s sword—like a gentleman.’

"There was no touch of pity, sorrow, or kindred humanity, in this answer. The speaker seemed to acknowledge that it was inconvenient to have that different order of creature dying there, and that it would have been better if he had died in the usual obscure routine of his vermin kind. He was quite incapable of any compassionate feeling about the boy, or about his fate.

"The boy’s eyes had slowly moved to him as he had spoken, and they now slowly moved to me.

"‘Doctor, they are very proud, these Nobles; but we common dogs are proud too, sometimes. They plunder us, outrage us, beat us, kill us; but we have a little pride left, sometimes. She—have you seen her, Doctor?’

"The shrieks and the cries were audible there, though subdued by the distance. He referred to them, as if she were lying in our presence.

"I said, ‘I have seen her.’

"‘She is my sister, Doctor. They have had their shameful rights, these Nobles, in the modesty and virtue of our sisters, many years, but we have had good girls among us. I know it, and have heard my father say so. She was a good girl. She was betrothed to a good young man, too: a tenant of his. We were all tenants of his—that man’s who stands there. The other is his brother, the worst of a bad race.’

"It was with the greatest difficulty that the boy gathered bodily force to speak; but, his spirit spoke with a dreadful emphasis.

"‘We were so robbed by that man who stands there, as all we common dogs are by those su-

perior Beings—taxed by him without mercy, obliged to work for him without pay, obliged to grind our corn at his mill, obliged to feed scores of his tame birds on our wretched crops, and forbidden for our lives to keep a single tame bird of our own, pillaged and plundered to that degree that when we chanced to have a bit of meat, we ate it in fear, with the door barred and the shutters closed, that his people should not see it and take it from us—I say, we were so robbed, and hunted, and were made so poor, that our father told us it was a dreadful thing to bring a child into the world, and that what we should most pray for, was, that our women might be barren and our miserable race die out!’

"I had never before seen the sense of being oppressed, bursting forth like a fire. I had supposed that it must be latent in the people somewhere; but, I had never seen it break out, until I saw it in the dying boy.

"‘Nevertheless, Doctor, my sister married. He was ailing at that time, poor fellow, and she married her lover, that she might tend and comfort him in our cottage—our dog-hut, as that man would call it. She had not been married many weeks, when that man’s brother saw her and admired her, and asked that man to lend her to him—for what are husbands among us! He was willing enough, but my sister was good and virtuous, and hated his brother with a hatred as strong as mine. What did the two then, to persuade her husband to use his influence with her, to make her willing?’

"The boy’s eyes, which had been fixed on mine, slowly turned to the looker-on, and I saw in the two faces that all he said was true. The two opposing kinds of pride confronting one another, I can see, even in this Bastille; the gentleman’s, all negligent indifference; the peasant’s, all trodden-down sentiment, and passionate revenge.

"‘You know, Doctor, that it is among the Rights of these Nobles to harness us common dogs to carts, and drive us. They so harnessed him and drove him. You know that it is among their Rights to keep us in their grounds all night, quieting the frogs, in order that their noble sleep may not be disturbed. They kept him out in the unwholesome mists at night, and ordered him back into his harness in the day. But he was not persuaded. No! Taken out of harness one day at noon, to feed—if he could find food—he sobbed twelve times, once for every stroke of the bell, and died on her bosom.’

"Nothing human could have held life in the boy but his determination to tell all his wrong. He forced back the gathering shadows of death, as he forced his clenched right hand to remain clenched, and to cover his wound.

"‘Then, with that man’s permission and even with his aid, his brother took her away; in spite of what I know she must have told his brother—and what that is, will not be long unknown to you, Doctor, if it is now—his brother took her away—for his pleasure and diversion,

for a little while. I saw her pass me on the road. When I took the tidings home, our father's heart burst; he never spoke one of the words that filled it. I took my young sister (for I have another) to a place beyond the reach of this man, and where, at least, she will never be his vassal. Then, I tracked the brother here, and last night climbed in—a common dog, but sword in hand.—Where is the loft window? It was somewhere here?"

"The room was darkening to his sight; the world was narrowing around him. I glanced about me, and saw that the hay and straw were trampled over the floor, as if there had been a struggle.

"She heard me, and ran in. I told her not to come near us till he was dead. He came in and first tossed me some pieces of money; then struck at me with a whip. But I, though a common dog, so struck at him as to make him draw. Let him break into as many pieces as he will, the sword that he stained with my common blood; he drew to defend himself—thrust at me with all his skill for his life."

"My glance had fallen, but a few moments before, on the fragments of a broken sword, lying among the hay. That weapon was a gentleman's. In another place, lay an old sword that seemed to have been a soldier's.

"Now, lift me up, Doctor; lift me up. Where is he?"

"He is not here," I said, supporting the boy, and thinking that he referred to the brother.

"He! Proud as these nobles are, he is afraid to see me. Where is the man who was here? Turn my face to him."

"I did so, raising the boy's head against my knee. But, invested for the moment with extraordinary power, he raised himself completely: obliging me to rise too, or I could not have still supported him.

"Marquis," said the boy, turned to him with his eyes opened wide and his right hand raised, 'in the days when all these things are to be answered for, I summon you, and yours to the last of your bad race, to answer for them. I mark this cross of blood upon you, as a sign that I do it. In the days when all these things are to be answered for, I summon your brother, the worst of the bad race, to answer for them separately. I mark this cross of blood upon him, as a sign that I do it.'

"Twice, he put his hand to the wound in his breast, and with his forefinger drew a cross in the air. He stood for an instant with the finger yet raised, and, as it dropped, he dropped with it, and I laid him down dead. \* \* \* \*

"When I returned to the bedside of the young woman, I found her raving in precisely the same order and continuity. I knew that this might last for many hours, and that it would probably end in the silence of the grave.

"I repeated the medicines I had given her, and I sat at the side of the bed until the night was far advanced. She never abated the piercing quality of her shrieks, never stumbled in

the distinctness or the order of her words. They were always 'My husband, my father, and my brother! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. Hush!'

"This lasted twenty-six hours from the time when I first saw her. I had come and gone twice, and was again sitting by her, when she began to falter. I did what little could be done to assist that opportunity, and by-and-by she sank into a lethargy, and lay like the dead.

"It was as if the wind and rain had lulled at last, after a long and fearful storm. I released her arms, and called the woman to assist me to compose her figure and the dress she had torn. It was then that I knew her condition to be that of one in whom the first expectations of being a mother have arisen; and it was then that I lost the little hope I had had of her.

"Is she dead?" asked the Marquis, whom I will still describe as the elder brother, coming booted into the room from his horse.

"Not dead," said I; 'but like to die.'

"What strength there is in these common bodies!" he said, looking down at her with some curiosity.

"There is prodigious strength," I answered him, 'in sorrow and despair.'

"He first laughed at my words, and then frowned at them. He moved a chair with his foot near to mine, ordered the woman away, and said, in a subdued voice,

"Doctor, finding my brother in this difficulty with these hands, I recommended that your aid should be invited. Your reputation is high, and, as a young man with your fortune to make, you are probably mindful of your interest. The things that you see here, are things to be seen, and not spoken of."

"I listened to the patient's breathing, and avoided answering.

"Do you honour me with your attention, Doctor?"

"Monsieur," said I, 'in my profession, the communications of patients are always received in confidence.' I was guarded in my answer, for I was troubled in my mind by what I had heard and seen.

"Her breathing was so difficult to trace, that I carefully tried the pulse and the heart. There was life, and no more. Looking round as I resumed my seat, I found both the brothers intent upon me. \* \* \* \*

"I write with so much difficulty, the cold is so severe, I am so fearful of being detected and consigned to an underground cell and total darkness, that I must abridge this narrative. There is no confusion or failure in my memory; it can recal, and could detail, every word that was ever spoken between me and those brothers.

"She lingered for a week. Towards the last, I could understand some few syllables that she said to me, by placing my ear close to her lips. She asked me where she was, and I told her; who I was, and I told her. It was in vain that I asked her for her family name. She faintly shook her head upon the pillow, and kept her secret, as the boy had done.



"I had no opportunity of asking her any question, until I had told the brothers she was sinking fast, and could not live another day. Until then, though no one was ever presented to her consciousness save the woman and myself, one or other of them had always jealously sat behind the curtain at the head of the bed when I was there. But when it came to that, they seemed careless what communication I might hold with her; as if—the thought passed through my mind—I were dying too.

"I always observed that their pride bitterly resented the younger brother's (as I call him) having crossed swords with a peasant, and that peasant a boy. The only consideration that appeared really to affect the mind of either of them, was the consideration that this was highly degrading to the family, and was ridiculous. As often as I caught the younger brother's eyes, their expression reminded me that he disliked me deeply, for knowing what I knew from the boy. He was smoother and more polite to me than the elder; but I saw this. I also saw that I was an encumbrance in the mind of the elder too.

"My patient died, two hours before midnight—at a time, by my watch, answering almost to the minute when I had first seen her. I was alone with her, when her forlorn young head drooped gently on one side, and all her earthly wrongs and sorrows ended.

"The brothers were waiting in a room down stairs, impatient to ride away. I had heard them, alone at the bedside, striking their boots with their riding-whips, and loitering up and down.

" 'At last she is dead?' said the elder, when I went in.

" 'She is dead,' said I.

" 'I congratulate you, my brother,' were his words as he turned round.

"He had before offered me money, which I had postponed taking. He now gave me a rouleau of gold. I took it from his hand, but laid it on the table. I had considered the question, and had resolved to accept nothing.

" 'Pray excuse me,' said I. 'Under the circumstances, no.'

"They exchanged looks, but bent their heads to me as I bent mine to them, and we parted without another word on either side. \* \* \* \*

"I am weary, weary, weary—worn down by misery. I cannot read what I have written with this gaunt hand.

"Early in the morning, the rouleau of gold was left at my door in a little box, with my name on the outside. From the first, I had anxiously considered what I ought to do. I decided, that day, to write privately to the Minister, stating the nature of the two cases to which I had been summoned, and the place to which I had gone: in effect, stating all the circumstances. I knew what Court influence was, and what the immunities of the Nobles were, and I expected that the matter would never be heard of; but, I wished to relieve my own mind. I had kept the matter a profound secret, even from my wife; and this, too,

I resolved to state in my letter. I had no apprehension whatever of my real danger; but, I was conscious that there might be danger for others, if others were compromised by possessing the knowledge that I possessed.

"I was much engaged that day, and could not complete my letter that night. I rose long before my usual time next morning, to finish it. It was the last day of the year. The letter was lying before me just completed, when I was told that a lady waited, who wished to see me. \* \* \*

"I am growing more and more unequal to the task I have set myself. It is so cold, so dark, my senses are so benumbed, and the gloom upon me is so dreadful.

"The lady was young, engaging, and handsome, but not marked for long life. She was in great agitation. She presented herself to me, as the wife of the Marquis St. Evrémonte. I connected the title by which the boy had addressed the elder brother, with the initial letter embroidered on the scarf, and, had no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that I had seen that nobleman very lately.

"My memory is still accurate, but I cannot write the words of our conversation. I suspect that I am watched more closely than I was, and I know not at what times I may be watched. She had in part suspected, and in part discovered, the main facts of the cruel story, of her husband's share in it, and my being resorted to. She did not know that the girl was dead. Her hope had been, she said in great distress, to show her, in secret, a woman's sympathy. Her hope had been to avert the wrath of Heaven from a House that had long been hateful to the suffering many.

"She had reasons for believing that there was a young sister living, and her greatest desire was, to help that sister. I could tell her nothing but that there was such a sister; beyond that, I knew nothing. Her inducement to come to me, relying on my confidence, had been the hope that I could tell her the name and place of abode. Whereas, to this wretched hour I am ignorant of both. \* \* \* \*

"These scraps of paper fail me. One was taken from me, with a warning, yesterday. I must finish my record to-day.

"She was a good, compassionate lady, and not happy in her marriage. How could she be! The brother distrusted and disliked her, and his influence was all opposed to her; she stood in dread of him, and in dread of her husband too. When I handed her down to the door, there was a child, a pretty boy from two to three years old, in her carriage.

" 'For his sake, Doctor,' she said, pointing to him in tears, 'I would do all I can to make what poor amends I can. He will never prosper in his inheritance otherwise. I have a presentiment that if no other innocent atonement is made for this, it will one day be required of him. What I have left to call my own—it is little beyond the worth of a few jewels—I will make it the first charge of his life to bestow, with the compassion and lamenting of his dead mother, on this injured family, if the sister can be discovered.'

"She kissed the boy, and said, caressing him, 'It is for thine own dear sake. Thou wilt be faithful, little Charles?' The child answered her bravely, 'Yes!' I kissed her hand, and she took him in her arms, and went away caressing him. I never saw her more.

"As she had mentioned her husband's name in the faith that I knew it, I added no mention of it to my letter. I sealed my letter, and, not trusting it out of my own hands, delivered it myself that day.

"That night, the last night of the year, towards nine o'clock, a man in a black dress rang at my gate, demanded to see me, and softly followed my servant, Ernest Defarge, a youth, upstairs. When my servant came into the room where I sat with my wife—O my wife, beloved of my heart! My fair young English wife!—we saw the man, who was supposed to be at the gate, standing silent behind him.

"An urgent case in the Rue St. Honoré, he said. It would not detain me, he had a coach in waiting.

"It brought me here, it brought me to my grave. When I was clear of the house, a black muffler was drawn tightly over my mouth from behind, and my arms were pinioned. The two brothers crossed the road from a dark corner, and identified me with a single gesture. The Marquis took from his pocket the letter I had written, showed it me, burnt it in the light of a lantern that was held, and extinguished the ashes with his foot. Not a word was spoken. I was brought here, I was brought to my living grave.

"If it had pleased God to put it in the hard heart of either of the brothers, in all these frightful years, to grant me any tidings of my dearest wife—so much as to let me know by a word whether alive or dead—I might have thought that He had not quite abandoned them. But, now I believe that the mark of the red cross is fatal to them, and that they have no part in His mercies. And them and their descendants, to the last of their race, I Alexandre Manette, unhappy prisoner, do this last night of the year 1767, in my unbearable agony, denounce to the times when all these things shall be answered for. I denounce them to Heaven and to earth."

A terrible sound arose when the reading of this document was done. A sound of craving and eagerness that had nothing articulate in it but blood. The narrative called up the most revengeful passions of the time, and there was not a head in the nation but must have dropped before it.

Little need, in presence of that tribunal and that auditory, to show how the Defarges had not made the paper public, with the other captured Bastille memorials borne in procession, and had kept it, biding their time. Little need to show that this detested family name had long been anathematised by Saint Antoine, and was wrought into the fatal register. The man never trod ground, whose virtues and services

would have sustained him in that place that day, against such denunciation.

And all the worse for the doomed man, that the denouncer was a well-known citizen, his own attached friend, the father of his wife. One of the frenzied aspirations of the populace was, for imitations of the questionable public virtues of antiquity, and for sacrifices and self-immolations on the people's altar. Therefore, when the President said (else had his own head quivered on his shoulders), that the good physician of the Republic would deserve better still of the Republic by rooting out an obnoxious family of Aristocrats, and would doubtless feel a sacred glow and joy in making his daughter a widow and her child an orphan, there was wild excitement, patriotic fervour, not a touch of human sympathy.

"Much influence around him, has that doctor?" murmured Madame Defarge, smiling to The Vengeance. "Save him now, my doctor, save him!"

At every juryman's vote, there was a roar. Another and another. Roar and roar.

Unanimously voted. At heart and by descent an Aristocrat, an enemy of the Republic, a notorious oppressor of the People. Back to the Conciergerie, and Death within four-and-twenty hours!

## SMALL SHOT.

### COOKS AT COLLEGE.

I AM dying from irritability produced by eating raw mutton-chops, and from indigestion produced by potato-bullets. My murderer is Betsy Jane, our cook. On my Kensal-green tombstone will be inscribed the words: "Died from the effects of a very plain cook."

We English, learned men assure me, are mere barbarians and Hotandhots in our cooking, compared with the French and other continental nations. We have freedom, but then we have indigestion, just as the Americans have a republic and universal dyspepsia. Perhaps philosophers and theorists may prove some day that a strong government and a weak stomach always go together. It may be that this compensation is ordained that tyranny may have its consolation in a fine constitution; and freedom, apt to be noisy in its self-complacency, have its corrective in a squeamy appetite.

But this by the way. What I have to complain of is, that I, as a plain man of moderate appetite and limited ideas of dining, can get nothing eatable from my plain cook, Betsy Jane. If I ask for a chop, it comes out as if just cut from the flank of a live ox, in the Abyssinian manner; or if she is in a slow mood, and at the other end of her mental gamut, it comes out a black fossil, frizzled and scorched, with nothing but the marrow soft or juicy about it. My soup is watered gravy, my tripe has the flavour of boiled kid gloves, my bread is leaden, my harico is greasy, my French beans are so hard and spiky that you could use them as pins, my eggs are water or congealed to a sulphurous paste. In fact, in the

midst of plenty and in the enjoyment of a moderate income, I am starving. I weigh every day, and find myself wanting; and, when I complain, I am told, "There is no pleasing me, nohow; there was Mr. Snipetoast, as good a," &c. &c. She has given me a warning, has Betsy Jane. Shall I give her another next Monday as ever is?

I give her 10*l*. a year, and tea and sugar, and yet I find myself becoming a living skeleton. I have long seen through some of my friends, and the time has come that they will see through me. Many of my friends are in the same position as I am with their plain cooks. I advertised for a plain cook, but I never expected such a very plain cook: such a Salisbury-plain cook as this.

Then she is so aggravating: she never confesses that a thing is spoiled—no, not if the dish runs crimson, or, the chop is a rattling cinder. She turns it on me, and says I asked for it underdone or overdone; or that I would have it up directly I came in from the City; or came home half an hour too late; or that the kitchen clock was too slow or had stopped; or that the smoke-jack was enough to spoil anything. Oh, she *is* aggravating! For instance, if I send down an egg to be done a little more, she keeps it down half an hour to punish me, then brings it up with an austere and reproving face, hard as alabaster. If I ask for a made dish, she does not pretend to kickshaws, and all "them fizmagigs;" and if I want coffee suddenly, the fire is always gone down, or she is sorry she hadn't known it before she screwed the grate back.

In vain I try to explain to her the first elements of the chemistry of cooking. She fries everything, and prefers that greasy, unwholesome, soaking mode of cooking to the racy, chastened gridiron, that gives to a chop such a healthy flavour; she prefers baking, with its sodden steaming, to juicy roasting; and, when she boils, she boils things so fast that they are hard, yet underdone; she has no forethought; she puts things down to roast too late, and then hurries them too much; she leaves the pot on the hob when it should be on the fire; and she boils at a jumping, pot-lid-shaking canter, when she should simmer with a gentle, bubbling gurgle. In fact, musically speaking, she takes a joint at vivace when it should be allegro, and at  $\frac{3}{4}$  when it should be  $\frac{4}{4}$ . In fact, Betsy Jane has no sense of the dignity of her art; no appreciation of the poetry of her craft; no knowledge of the solemnity of her mission as the soother and nourisher of the human mind through the human stomach. She is always hot and cross (cooking affects the liver and so spoils the temper); and is, in a word, a big-headed, irrational, insensate, miserable hireling, who turns potatoes into yellow tallow, meat into coke, and bread into soluble lead. I look on her as a perverter of the gifts of Providence, and, therefore, as an ally of Apollyon himself. The effect of fire on solids or fluids, the law of boiling, the nature of imprisoned juice, the science of condiment, are as unknown to my plain cook as the pleasures of dancing are to a hippo-

tamus, or the joys of pedestrianism to the great sea serpent. She never thinks; she did not take my wages to think; she is only a walking plate-warmer, a portable ladle, a human cruet-stand; she would never kill herself, like the famous Vatel, because the woodcocks did not come in time for my dinner party.

Our plain cook is the cause, too, of quarrels between me and Mrs. P. Mrs. P. manages Betsy Jane badly. She haggles at her, and rates her, and speaks at her in cutting side winds that make your flesh creep, and make our plain cook baste the meat with a quick, fierce vindictiveness, as if she were roasting Mrs. P. herself for a cannibal feast of plain cooks. She hints dreadful things of missus's "temper," and tells her twice a week to suit herself that day month.

"And now for your remedy for all this?" blurts in my irritable friend Outer, of Paper-buildings. It is simply this: build an Oxford for cooks; let M.A. degrees be given in omelets, and B.A.s for boiling potatoes. Our minds are taken care of at Cambridge, why should not our bodies be cared for at a cooks' Oxford.

Seriously, why indeed? Why could not all our workhouses have steam kitchens, where one experienced cook presided, and taught a certain number of the younger girls destined for service, to whom she could give certificates when they had attained sufficient skill to work alone? Why could not our hospitals and great charities apply to such places for cooks, and why could not lectures on the elements of the chemistry of cooking be occasionally delivered to these handmaids of Vesta by our St. John's Wood Professors?

In the same way every village school might have its cooking class, which might be turned to a source of profit, by making it a cheap public oven for the poor. There could be monthly examinations, at which certificates could be given for those who were really fit for service. These schools would discover much latent cooking genius, and soon drive all uncertificated and worthless destroyers of digestion out of the service market.

Then no more should we hear my wife's continual exclamation:

"My dear, in these days it's impossible to find a cook who knows her business!"

#### PARIS ON ROME.

It is possible that the cardinal virtues have been more frequently talked about than practised; whether the same be the case with the cardinal vices, is a question of considerable delicacy. There are people who venture to say that such is not the case, and have written books to prove it. *Cardo* is ancient Latin for the hinge of a gate, and cardinals, thence derived, for "belonging to a hinge," also "chief," or "principal," as *cardinales venti*, the cardinal winds. *Cardinalis*, in modern Latin, is a cardinal in the Church of Rome; a dignity which began about the time of Gregory the Great.

Before his day, not only Roman priests and deacons, but the chief beneficed clergy in other cities and districts, were so called.

Roman cardinals are, therefore, the pivots in which the whole Roman Catholic world ought to turn; but the book-makers (an idle set of fellows) say that the hinges are rusty, worn out, and stiff; and that, instead of turning themselves or allowing others to turn, their favourite situation is to remain fixed at a dead-lock; in which state they exhibit a remarkable talent for keeping a door neither open nor shut; justifying the antique conundrum that it is no longer a door at all, but a-jar; whence may be derived our English verb to jar, to creak, to grate, to make a harsh discordant noise. For instance, if you try to make the red, rusty, cardinal hinges stir only so much as to open the approach to their sanctum and stronghold by the breadth of half a hair, they incontinently send forth unpleasant sounds; groaning and grumbling in windy latinity, until every further attempt to displace them has ceased.

Of the book-writers who have caused the venerable hinges to jar, the latest and one of the most malignant, is a certain EDMOND ABOUT, an impudent Frenchman, who went from Paris to Rome, and afterwards took the liberty of printing in the official journal of his government, the *MONTIEUR UNIVERSEL*, base calumnies which could only lead to heresy and schism, to the effect that the cardinals and the whole machinery connected with them wanted something more than oiling. But the princes of the Church soon contrived to get the slanderer's mouth stopped by a ministerial gag. He, nothing daunted, ran over the border into Belgium, pulling out the gag, and tossing it away the moment he had passed the custom-house; replacing it with a Belgian speaking-trumpet. As we cannot smother the sound of this trumpet, whose mouthpiece is blown at Brussels—even if we would—the next best thing to do is to listen to what it utters, and try to catch a few distinctly audible syllables.

It says: The temporal power of the Pope is absolute. For, is the absolute authority of the Papacy limited by anything else than the personal virtues of the Holy Father? No. Is the constitution of eighteen-forty-eight, which has been torn to shreds, or the *Motu Proprio* of eighteen-forty-nine, through every clause of which a coach-and-six has been driven, any limit to his power? Not a bit. Has the Pope ever renounced his title of irresponsible administrator and curator of the patrimony of all Catholicity? Never. Is the management of public affairs exclusively reserved for the prelates? Always. Are the highest offices, as a matter of right, interdicted to the laity? By right, no; in fact, yes. Are the different powers of the state still confounded in practice? More than ever; the governors of the towns continue to judge, and the bishops to administer secular business. Has the cardinal secretary of state ceased to be the reigning minister? He reigns; and the other ministers are his lacqueys rather than his clerks: you will meet

them in the morning in his ante-chamber. Is there a council of ministers? Yes; when the ministers go to take the cardinal's orders. Is the management of the public finances made public? Oh, no! Does the nation vote the taxes, or does it allow the government to help itself? Things go on as they have always done. Has municipal liberty been extended? There is less of it than in eighteen-sixteen.

It says: That now, as in the most palmy days of the pontifical despotism, the Pope is everything; he has everything, he can do everything; he exercises without control, without bridle or bit, a perpetual dictatorship. There is no wisdom in cherishing a systematic aversion for the exceptional rule of a dictator. The ancient Romans rated it highly, had recourse to it sometimes, and found their account in it. When the enemy was at the gate, and the republic in danger, the senate and the people, so captious in general, abdicated all their rights into the hands of one man, saying to him, "Save us!" There are brilliant dictatorships in the history of all times and all nations. If you count the stages by which humanity has travelled onward, you will find a dictator at almost every stage.

But the duties of a dictator are infinite, as his power is boundless. A parliamentary sovereign, who marches slowly and steadily along a path traced out for him by a couple of Houses, and who hears discussions in the morning about what he ought to do at night, is almost innocent of any faults with which his reign may be chargeable. A dictator, on the contrary, is so much the more responsible in the eyes of posterity, in proportion to his irresponsibility according to the terms of the constitution. History will reproach him with his every act which has not turned out well; even his omissions will be imputed to him as crimes. But in no case ought a dictatorship to last long. Not only would it be absurd to wish it to be hereditary, but any man who should pretend to exercise it always, would be a madman. When the benefits conferred by the master are an insufficient compensation for the relinquishment of liberty, the nation reclaims the exercise of its rights, and an intelligent dictator will at once restore them.

The most enlightened of the Pope's subjects declare, almost unanimously, "If there could fall from the sky a man energetic and strong enough to cut into the quick of abuses, to reform the administration, to send the priests to their churches and the Austrians to Vienna, to promulgate a civil code, to drain the marshes, to restore the plains to cultivation, to authorise manufactures, to facilitate commerce, to finish railways, to secularise education, to propagate modern ideas, and to place the Roman States in a position to bear a comparison with France, we would fall at his feet and obey him like a divinity. It has been said that we are ungovernable: only give us a prince capable of governing, and you will see if we stint his power! Whoever he may be, come whence he may, he



shall be absolute master to do as he likes, as long as there remains anything to be done. All we ask is, that when his task is concluded, he will allow us to share the power with him. You may make sure that, even then, we will give him good measure. The Italians are accommodating, and are not ungrateful. But do not require us to support any longer this everlasting, idle, vexatious, ruinous dictatorship, which superannuated old men transmit from hand to hand. Each of them, too weak to govern, shakes off as quickly as he can the burden which oppresses him, and delivers us over, bound hand and foot, to the worst of his cardinals. If 'the White Pope,' the Holy Father, governed in person, we might hope (with a stretch of imagination) that a miracle of grace would make him walk in the right way. He is rarely very capable or very highly educated; but, as the Statue of the Commander said, 'There is no need of lights when one is illumined by Heaven.'"

Unhappily, the White Pope deposes his political functions to a "Red Pope:" that is to say, to an omnipotent and irresponsible cardinal, under the name of Secretary of State. One single man represents the government at home and abroad, speaks for it, acts for it, answers strangers, commands the subjects, expresses every will of the Pope, and sometimes makes the Pope adopt his own will. This second-hand dictator has the best reasons in the world for abusing his power. If he had any hopes of succeeding his master and of wearing the crown in his turn, he might, perhaps, set the example, or display the pretence, of every virtue. But it is impossible for a secretary of state to be elected Pope. Not only is it contrary to custom, but human nature will not have it. Never will the cardinals assembled in conclave agree to crown the man who has domineered over them during a whole reign. Cardinal Antonelli has not the slightest chance of obtaining the tiara, nor the slightest interest in doing good. He must make hay while the sun shines.

Respecting the government of the priests, the speaking-trumpet brays out horrid discord. If the Pope were simply Head of the Church—it says—if, confining his action to the interior of the places of worship, he renounced the government of things temporal (about which he knows nothing), his fellow-countrymen of Rome, Ancona, and Bologna might govern themselves, as is the case at London or at Paris. (?) The administration would be lay, justice lay, the finances lay; the nation would provide for its own proper wants with its own proper revenues, according to the custom of every civilised country.

As to the general expenses of Catholic worship (which no more specially regard the people of Rome than they do the people of Champagne), a voluntary contribution made by the hundred and thirty-nine millions of Catholics in the world, would furnish an ample provision. If each of the faithful gave a halfpenny per annum, the Head of the Church would have something like two hundred and eighty thousand pounds a

year to spend on wax candles, incense, the salaries of choristers, the wages of sacristans, and the repairs of St. Peter's basilica. No Catholic would think of refusing his quota; because the Holy Father, an absolute stranger to worldly interests, could give offence to nobody. This impost, therefore, would restore the Romans to independence, without diminishing the independence of the Pope.

Unfortunately, the Pope is a king. In his royal character, he wishes to have a court, or at least a pompous suite and attendance. He selects it amongst the men of his faith, his opinion, and his robe; nothing can be more consistent and logical. The Pope's court, in turn, wishes to combine the spiritual with the temporal, and to dispose of the offices of the state. Can the sovereign object that this pretension is ridiculous? Certainly not; especially if we reflect that he expects to be more faithfully served by priests than by secular adherents. Remember, too, that the revenue of the highest and the best-paid offices is indispensable to the splendour of his court.

It follows hence, that to preach to the Pope the secularisation of his government, is to preach to the wilderness. Here is a man who did not choose to be a layman, who pities laymen for being laymen, and regards them as a caste inferior to his own; who has received an anti-laic education; who thinks, on all important points, differently to laymen; and you expect that in an empire where he is absolute master, he should share his power with the laity! You require him to surround himself with that sort of folk, to call them to his counsels, to confide to them the execution of his will! What will he do? If he is afraid of you, if it is his policy to keep on good terms with you, if it is of importance that he should make you believe in his good intentions, he will hunt up in the back rooms of his public offices certain laymen without name, decided character, or talent. He will parade their nullity in broad daylight; and, when the experiment is over, he will say in melancholy tones, "I have done what I could." But if he were a bold fellow, and would frankly play his trump cards, he would tell you at once, "Put a layman into my place, if you want to secularise anything." It is not in eighteen hundred and fifty-nine that the Pope would dare to speak so proudly. Intimidated by the protection of France, stunned by the unanimous wailings of his people, and reduced to make a reckoning with public opinion, he protests that he has secularised everything. "Only look," he says. "Count my functionaries: I have fourteen thousand five hundred and seventy-six lay employés—rather more employés than soldiers."

The truth is, that every place which gives power or profit belongs, first to the Pope, then to the secretary of state, then to the cardinals, and lastly to the prelates. Every one clutches what he can, in hierarchical order; and when their shares are taken, they toss fourteen thousand places of all sorts to the nation—the crumbs of power, the places that no ecclesiastic

would accept—especially those of rural policemen.

There can be no such thing as political rigours in a country which is under the personal superintendence of the Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth. Oh no! The type-metal trumpet says (ironically, we fear) that the Popes have always been good-natured and indulgent, to the very verge of senility and dotage. Nevertheless, Sixtus V., a great Pope, was a still greater executioner. This man of God hung a Pepoli of Bologna for having given him a kick instead of a bit of bread, at the time when he was a monk and a mendicant. Gregory XVI., our contemporary, granted to a minor a dispensation of age, in order that he might legally offer his head to be cut off. Four years ago, the punishment of the rack was restored to its pristine vigour, by the gentle Cardinal Antonelli. The Pontifical State is the only one in Europe which retains the barbarous custom of setting a price on the head of human beings.

Some nine or ten years ago, Pius IX. re-entered his capital, like the master of a house who gets into it by breaking open the door. The Holy Father and his companions in exile were not inspired with a very lively gratitude towards the revolutionary chiefs who had driven them out. A man has been a man for several years before he was a prelate or a cardinal, and there will always remain a slight spice of human feeling: which was probably the reason why, when the amnesty (counselled by France, and promised by the Pope) was proclaimed, two hundred and eighty-three individuals were excluded from this general measure. It is a great misfortune for these two hundred and eighty-three persons that the Gospel should be an old and obsolete book, and the forgiveness of injuries gone out of fashion. The Pope's clemency has pardoned fifty-nine of these exiles during the course of nine or ten years. But was it a pardon to call them back provisionally, some for a year, others for six months? Is a man placed under the surveillance of the police pardoned for good and all? Must not an unhappy wretch, who is forbidden to exercise his former profession while he enjoys the liberty of starving in his native land, often regret the days of his exile?

One of these fifty-nine recipients of the pontifical clemency is an Advocate—at least he was so till the day when he obtained his pardon. After describing the inoffensive part which he played in eighteen hundred and forty-eight, the hopes he had founded on the amnesty, the despair he felt on finding himself excluded, his life in exile, the resources which he created by giving lessons in Italian, like the illustrious Manin and many others, "I might have lived happily," he said; "but one fine day I was seized with home-sickness, and I felt that I must revisit Italy, or die. My family exerted themselves; we knew the protégé of a cardinal. The police dictated their conditions, and I shut my eyes and accepted them all. They might have told me to cut off my right arm as the

price of my return, and I would have cut off my right arm. The Pope signed my pardon, and published my name in the journals, so that everybody might know how good he was. But the bar is closed to me; and I cannot earn my living by teaching Italian in a country where everybody knows Italian." As he uttered these words, the bells in the neighbourhood rang the Ave Maria. He turned pale, seized his hat, and rushed out of the room, exclaiming, "How unlucky! I have forgotten how late it is. If the police get there before I do, I am a ruined man!" His friends let out the secret of his sudden alarm. The poor man was kept subject to the precepto, the "precept;" that is, to certain regulations imposed by the police. Every evening, at sunset, he was obliged to return home, and to remain there till daybreak. The police had the right to break into his residence at any hour of the night, to make sure of his presence. Under no pretext whatever, might he go outside the town, even in broad day. The least infringement of the regulations exposed him to imprisonment or a fresh exile. The Pontifical States are peopled with persons subjected to the precepto; some of them are malefactors who live under surveillance at home, for want of room in the prisons; the others are suspected persons. The total number of these unfortunates is not published in the national statistics; but it has been ascertained, from an official source, that there are two hundred in Viterbo alone, which is a town of fourteen thousand souls.

The insufficiency of the prisons explains many things, and notably the liberty of speech which reigns throughout the country. If the government were to take it into its head to arrest all those who detest it openly, there would be neither gendarmes enough, nor gaolers enough, and, above all, not enough of those peaceful mansions whose protection and salubrity—according to the Eminentissimo Cardinale Milesi—prolong the lives of their inhabitants. The citizens, therefore, are allowed to talk at their ease, provided always they do not gesticulate. But not a word is lost in a state whose overseers are Roman priests. The government keeps an exact list of those who are ill-disposed towards it. It avenges itself when it can, but it does not run after vengeance. It watches for opportunities: patient, because it believes itself to be eternal. If the rash babblers fill a modest clerkship, a revisional commission quietly stops his salary, and gently drops him in the street. If his means are independent, the authorities wait till he stands in need of something; of a passport, for instance. For the last nine years a certain Roman man of business has been soliciting permission to travel. He is rich and active: he is engaged in a line of commerce which is especially lucrative to the government; a journey in foreign countries would complete his information and increase his business connexions. For nine years he has requested an audience of the head of the passport department, and nobody would favour him with an answer.

To others, who demanded an authorisation to travel in Piedmont, the answer has been, "Go there, if you like; but do not come back again." They were not exiled: what is the good of making a display of useless severity? But, in exchange for the passport which was handed to them, they were obliged to sign a declaration of voluntary exile. The Greeks had a proverb, "It is not everybody who can go to Corinth." The Romans have modified it into, "It is not everybody who can go to Turin."

It is rarely in the capital, under the eyes of the French army, that harsh sentences are pushed to the extreme. A condemned person is subjected to a gentle suppression, by being shut up for life in a fortress. The state prisons are of two descriptions—healthy and unhealthy. In the establishments belonging to the second category, perpetual seclusion does not last very long. The fortress of Pagliano is one of the most healthy. When the blower of the trumpet paid it a visit, it contained two hundred and fifty prisoners, all political offenders. In eighteen hundred and fifty-six, when they made an attempt to escape, five or six of them were shot on the roof, like sparrows. The others would only be liable to eight years of the galleys for the crime of breaking loose; but, an old ordinance of Cardinal Lante was disinterred, which allows the guillotining of a few of the ringleaders in case of need.

It is on the other side of the Apennines, however, that the mildness of the government shows itself. The French are not there; it is the Austrian army which does the reactionary police work on the Pope's account. There, under the régime of martial law, a defenceless prisoner is sentenced by officers and executed by soldiers. The ill-humour of these gentlemen in uniform is equivalent to blows or death. A young man lets off a few Bengal lights—twenty years of the galleys. A woman prevents a snooker from lighting his cigar—twenty lashes. In seven years, Ancona witnessed sixty executions, and Bologna one hundred and eighty. Blood flows, and the Pope washes his hands of the matter; for, it was not he who signed the sentence of death. The Austrians bring him, from time to time, a man they have shot, just as a gamekeeper presents his master with a fox he has killed in his preserves.

Will it be said that the priestly government is not responsible for the crimes committed in its service? France has felt the scourge of a foreign occupation. The king imposed on her by strangers, was neither a great man nor an energetic man, nor even an excellent man; and he had left a certain portion of his dignity in the camp-waggons of the enemy. But it is certain that Louis XVIII. would rather have descended from his throne than allow the Russians and the Prussians the legal right of shooting his subjects. We are told that the Holy Father never fails to mitigate the sentence passed on offenders. What could he do to mitigate the sentence of those who have been shot by the

Austrians? Did he order the bullets to be wrapped in cotton wool?

In contrast with the severity exercised against political and religious offences (which are one and the same), stands forth the impunity with which real crimes are committed. For some time past, the people of Rome have contracted bad habits. They frequent taverns; they quarrel over their cups, and slash with knives more frequently than English Mohoks slashed faces in Swift's time. The small country folk imitate the small town folk; the knife settles their disputes about boundary walls, the amount of legacies, and other family matters. Lawsuits cost money, there are palms to be crossed with silver or gold, the judge is an idiot, an intriguer, or a rogue. Enough! the knife cuts all that short. Giacomo falls,—he was in the wrong; Nicolo runs away,—he has the right on his side. This little drama is played more than four times a day in the Papal States, as we learn from the statistics of 'fifty-three.

The Pope would have very little trouble in snatching the knife out of the hands of his subjects. We do not ask him to recommence their education; which would take a long time; nor even to reform the system of civil legislation, so as to increase the number of plaintiffs by diminishing the number of assassins. We simply beg him to cut off, quickly and effectually, a few troublesome and incorrigible heads. Yet he feels a dislike to this expedient. Tavern bullies are not the enemies of government.

If they run away, he takes care, to avoid scandal, to let them have a good start. If they reach a river's bank, the pursuit is discontinued, for fear they should fall into the water and die without confession and absolution. If they can lay hold of a Capuchin's robe they are safe. If they can get inside a church, a convent, or an hospital, they are safe. If they set foot on an ecclesiastical domain, a clerical property, justice stops short; they escape. The Pope would only have to say a word, to suppress this absurd right of asylum; but he scrupulously maintains it, in order to show that the privileges of the Church are superior to the interests of humanity.

If by chance, and without doing it purposely, the police arrest a murderer, they bring him before the tribunals. They hunt for witnesses of the crime, and never find any. A citizen would believe he was disgracing himself if he betrayed his comrade to the natural enemies of the nation. The dead man himself, if he could come back to life, would asseverate that he did not see the slightest breach of the peace. The government is neither strong enough to compel witnesses to state what they know, nor to protect them from the consequences of their depositions. For this reason, the most flagrant crime cannot be proved in a Papal court of justice.

Suppose that the murderer has allowed himself to be taken, that the witnesses have opened their mouths, and that the crime is proved: the tribunal hesitates to pronounce sentence of death. The shedding of blood affects the spirits

of the populace; the government bears the guilty man no ill-will; he is sent to the galleys. He is not so very badly off there; the public consideration follows him; sooner or later he will receive his pardon; for the Pope, who cares nothing about his crime, finds it cheaper to let him go than to board and lodge him. Put the case at the very worst. Imagine a crime so patent, so monstrous, so revolting, that the judges the least interested in the question are obliged to condemn the culprit to the pain of death. You fancy, perhaps, that they will hasten to strike for the sake of the example? Nothing of the kind. They throw him into a dungeon; they forget he is there; they hope he will die of his own accord. In the month of July, eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, there were, in the little town of Viterbo, twenty-two persons condemned to death, who amused themselves with singing psalms till the executioner should come to fetch them. The executioner comes; he takes one of them, and kills him. The people are moved with compassion; the crowd is in tears. One single cry escapes from every mouth, "Poveretto!"—Poor dear fellow! The reason is that his crime dates ten years back; no one remembers anything about it; he himself has expiated it by penitence. His punishment would have afforded a good example if it had taken place ten years sooner. Such are the rigours of penal justice. You would laugh too loudly were you told of its gentleness. The Duke Sforza Cesarini shoots one of his servants for addressing him without sufficient respect. The Pope condemns him to a month's retirement in a convent, for example's sake. Ah, if they touched the sacred ark, if they killed a priest, if they menaced a cardinal, there would be no such thing as asylum, or galleys, or clemency, or delay! Thirty years ago, in the Piazza del Popolo, the murderer of a priest was hacked into morsels. It is not long since they decapitated the man who attempted to attack Cardinal Antonelli with a dinner-fork. The cardinal, overflowing with clemency, threw himself officially at the feet of the Pope, to implore a pardon, which he was sure not to obtain. He pays a pension to the widow: is not that the act of a clever man?

Simple theft, innocent theft, the theft of snuff-boxes and silk handkerchiefs, the theft which seeks a modest alms in its neighbour's pocket, is tolerated at Rome as paternally as beggary is. The official statistics publish, with a slight reduction, the number of the Roman mendicants. It is to be regretted that they do not give the list of pickpockets; for they are legion. The government knows them all by name, and leaves them to their own devices. The strangers are rich enough to pay a tax on national industry. Besides, the thieves will never steal the Pope's pocket-handkerchief.

A Frenchman collars an elegant gentleman whom he discovers in the act of taking his watch. He leads him to the nearest station, and hands him over to the sergeant on duty. "I believe your statement," replies the subaltern. "The man is a Lombard; you must be a very fresh arrival

not to know him. But, if all the fellows of his cut were taken up, our prisons would never be big enough to hold them. Be off, my man, and take better care of yourself in future." Another stranger is plundered in the middle of the Corso, at midnight, as he is coming from the theatre. He goes to make his complaint, when the magistrate says to him, severely, "Sir, you were out at an unseasonable hour, when all honest people are in bed." Another is stopped by thieves on the road from Rome to Civita Vecchia. He gives up his cash, arrives at Palo, and tells his tale to the political employé. This worthy man, who fingers and crumples the passports of strangers till they give him twenty sous, replies to the complainant, "What would you have? The country is in great distress." But on the eve of the grand fêtes, as it will not do for a religious ceremony to be disturbed by malefactors, all the scamps of Rome are expected to come to prison. They go there of their own accord; they do business with the paternal government by private contract. If any professional conveyancer failed to come to the rendezvous, they would fetch him from his lodgings in the middle of the night. In spite of these wise measures, more than one watch strays during the Holy Week. But don't go and complain to the police; they will reply, with a placid countenance, "We have taken our precautions, by arresting every known thief; if there are new thieves, the more's the pity!"

As to the magistrates, some are estimable, some are otherwise,—witness the story of the Marquis de Sesmaisons. Some one robbed him of half a dozen silver forks and spoons; he had the imprudence to make his complaint. Justice required him to give an exact description of the stolen objects. He did more; he confided to the public prosecutor the remainder of the dozen; which involved the loss of a dozen spoons and forks, if the chronicle speaks the truth. The misconduct of the public functionaries is tolerated as long as it does not directly injure the powers that be. Employés of every rank hold out their hand and ask for something to drink. The government is glad, rather than sorry for it; it admits of so much being cut off from the salaries.

Respecting the subject of finance, the trumpet bellows loud enough to wake the dead. It is commonly said, "If the subjects of the Pope are held in compulsory poverty, they pay hardly any taxes; which is a compensation." It is also stated, here and there, that they are governed at the rate of nine francs per head per annum. This figure is fabulous; but, were it authentic, the Romans would not be the less to be pitied. The moderate amount of their taxes is a sad consolation for a people whose pockets are empty. What would be thought of the English government, if, after ruining commerce, manufactures, agriculture, and all the sources of public prosperity, the ministry were to say to the nation, "Rejoice greatly; henceforward your taxes shall not exceed nine shillings a year!" The English would reply, with con-



siderable reason, that it is better to pay nine hundred shillings a head, and to be able to earn nine thousand. Rome levies taxes on the most necessary articles of life; such as flour, vegetables, rice, and bread, more heavily than any other great city of Europe. Meat pays the same entrance-fee (*octroi*) at Bologna, as at Paris. Straw, hay, and firewood pay dearer. By way of comparison, the inhabitants of Lille, in France, pay twelve francs per head for the benefit of the *octroi*—a vexatious and troublesome mode of taxation which is happily unknown in England; the inhabitants of Florence, twelve francs; the inhabitants of Lyons, fifteen francs; the inhabitants of Bologna, seventeen francs. We are already a considerable distance from the nine francs of the Golden Age!

To be just, it ought to be avowed that the nation has not always been treated so harshly. The public charges did not become insupportable until the reign of Pius IX. The budget of Bologna has more than doubled, from 'forty-six to 'fifty-eight. If only the money disbursed by the nation were employed for the benefit of the nation! But one third of the taxes remains in the hands of the officials who collect them. The fact is incredible, but nevertheless exact. The expense of tax-gathering amounts, in England to eight per cent., in France to fourteen per cent., in Piedmont to sixteen, and in the happy Roman States to thirty-one per cent.!

If you are astonished at the wasteful mismanagement which compels the people to pay a hundred francs in order that the treasury may receive sixty-nine, here is a fact which will serve to explain it. Very lately, the place of receiver was put up to competition in the city of Bologna. An honourable and solvent candidate offered to get in the taxes, for a reduction of one and a half per cent. The government gave the preference to the Count Cesar Mattei, secret chamberlain to the Pope, who demanded a deduction of two per cent. This favour granted to a faithful servant of authority, increases the charges on the nation by twenty thousand francs.

What remains of the taxes, after the levy of a third by the collectors, goes into the hands of the Pope. This is what he does with it: the sums are given in francs. Twenty-five millions serve to pay the interest of an ever-increasing debt contracted by the priesthood for the interest of the priesthood, and annually augmented by the bad administration of the priesthood. Ten millions are devoured by a useless army, whose only occupation, up to the present day, has been to present arms to the cardinals, and to escort the Holy Sacrament when it goes in procession. Three millions are devoted to the maintenance, the repairs, and the overseeing of establishments, which are indispensable to unpopular power—namely, the prisons. Two millions are applied to the administration of "justice." The tribunals of the capital absorb the half of it, because they have the honour to be composed in great part of prelates. Two millions and a half, a very modest sum, compose the budget of public works. It is mainly expended on the

embellishment of Rome and the reparation of churches. A million and a half are employed for the encouragement of laziness in the city of Rome. A Commission of Benevolence, presided over by a cardinal, distributes this sum among several thousand idlers, without giving an account of it to any one. Mendicity is only the more flourishing, as every one may easily convince himself. Between 'twenty-seven and 'fifty-eight, the subjects of the Holy Father have paid forty millions of francs in mischievous almsgiving, whose principal effect has been to deprive manufactures and agriculture of the labour of which both stand greatly in need. The cardinal president of the commission, takes sixty thousand francs a year for his own private charities.

Four hundred thousand francs scantily pay the expense of public education, which, moreover, is in the hands of the clergy. Add this modest sum to the two millions for justice, and to a portion of the budget for public works, and you will have the total of the money laid out on anything of real utility to the nation. The rest only serves for government purposes—that is, the interest of certain ecclesiastical dignitaries.

The Pope and his associate in power must be very moderate masters of finance if, having so little to spend for the nation, they close all their accounts with a deficit. The accounts for eighteen hundred and fifty-eight closed with a deficit of nearly twelve millions; which does not prevent the government from promising a surplus in the budget for 'fifty-nine. To stop these gaps, they borrow, either openly of M. de Rothschild, or in an underhand way by an emission of Consols. In 'fifty-seven, the pontifical government contracted its eleventh loan with M. de Rothschild: a trifle of a little more than seventeen millions. It has, all the same, issued more than thirty-three millions of Consols, between 'fifty-one and 'fifty-eight, without saying a word to anybody. The capital which it owes, and which its subjects are destined to pay, amounts at present to very nearly four hundred and sixty millions of francs. If you divide this by the number of the population, you will see that every baby born in the states of the Pope, inherits a debt of a hundred and thirteen francs, for the parental blessings that have been rained upon himself or his ancestors, and a few of which have now been described.

#### OUR DEAD.

NOTHING is our own: we hold our pleasures  
Just a little while, ere they are fled:  
One by one life robs us of our treasures;  
Nothing is our own except our dead.

They are ours, and hold in faithful keeping  
Safe for ever, all they took away.  
Cruel life can never stir that sleeping,  
Cruel time can never seize that prey.

Justice pales; truth fades; stars fall from Heaven;  
Human are the great whom we revere:  
No true crown of honour can be given,  
Till the wreath lies on a funeral bier.

How the children leave us : and no traces  
Linger of that smiling angel band ;  
Gone, for ever gone ; and in their places,  
Weary men and anxious women stand.

Yet we have some little ones, still ours ;  
They have kept the baby smile we know,  
Which we kissed one day, and hid with flowers,  
On their dead white faces long ago.

When our joy is lost : and life will take it,  
Then no memory of the past remains ;  
Save with some strange, cruel sting, that makes it  
Bitterness beyond all present pains.

Death, more tender-hearted, leaves to sorrow  
Still the radiant shadow—fond regret :  
We shall find, in some far bright to-morrow,  
Joy that he has taken, living yet.

Is love ours, and do we dream we know it,  
Bound with all our heart-strings, all our own ;  
Any cold and cruel dawn may show it,  
Shattered, desecrated, overthrown.

Only the dead hearts forsake us never :  
Love, that to death's loyal care has fled,  
Is thus consecrated ours for ever,  
And no change can rob us of our dead.

So when fate comes to besiege our city,  
Dim our gold, or make our flowers fall,  
Death, the angel, comes in love and pity,  
And to save our treasures, claims them all.

#### PULLING THROUGH.

MRS. PAWLEY having made my punch, has left me by the fire, and is in bed. Bokes, the apprentice, having sent out all medicines, made all his infusions for to-morrow, and rolled a gallipot full of our house pills, has earned and eaten an enormous supper, learnt the lower jaw-bone, read ten pages of Tennyson's In Memoriam, written a letter to his sweetheart, sharpened his penknife, operated upon his own finger nails, and is in bed. Eleven Pawleys junior retired to bed at different times during the evening. All the house is asleep, I hope, and everything alive in it pulsating as calmly as the study clock on yonder chest of drawers.

This is my hour for reading what my brother doctors are about, and picking up new crumbs of knowledge helpful to me in my practice from our weekly journals, quarterly reviews, and half-yearly retrospect of medicine and surgery. After a hard day's work one gets through an hour's study best upon tobacco ; but it is the opinion of Mrs. Pawley, against which I do not fight, that a tumbler of punch, made as she makes it, is also useful to that end. Sometimes, in spite of all precaution, it will happen that the crumbs of science lie untasted, while Thomas Pawley, Esq., F.R.C.S., L.S.A., enjoys an hour's wool-gathering, his thoughts helped back now and then into the past by a stray reference to the contents of all those drawers on which the representative of friendly Time now sits triumphant. It was a work of time, Deborah Tims, but we pulled through. What pious resignations of all hope of marriage, and what vows to be a faithful single woman until death, true to the unfortunate Tom Pawley, that old

clock is chuckling over, with its long hand just about to strike, and pointed up-stairs towards the nursery over my head. One, two, three. . . . . eleven!

There lies, ready to be posted, Bokes's letter to "Miss Comfort, the Misses Dummie and Stiff, Chlorosis House, near Godsacre." He is not yet of age to doubt about his pulling through, and he will have to pull through his examination, to get into practice, and pull through many a shallow, before Jane Comfort, now a governess pupil, presently to be a governess, shall have pulled through the troubles of her single state. Bokes's father failed last year, and he has no rich friend. But, wherever that young gentleman sleeps, there sleeps the brave. No misgiving about the future hurts his appetite or breaks his rest. Indeed, he looks down from a mental elevation of his own upon my country practice, profitable as it is, with all its toil and the disgraceful rows of gallipots and bottles in the surgery. He means to be a consulting or an operating surgeon, or a physician with a place of business in Saville-row and an estate at Windsor. Let him unlearn his day-dreams, but remain determined in his hope ; and, with the help of time, he will pull through.

Five-and-thirty years ago, my best friend in this village, and my sole companion in this house, was a dog. The old post-woman ought to have been held a better friend, punctually as she toddled to the back door twice a week with a bit of the love tale of Deborah Tims in her basket. But then, also, she toddled to the back door daily with wafered letters of demand from creditors and lawyers, with notes of contemptuous pity or expostulation from friends, refusal of small requests, portentous missives of advice, anonymous letters, meant to sting (though these counted but as the gain of so much waste paper) with everything that could premise shipwreck of T. Pawley's life. In those days the sight of the post-woman's red cloak gave me a thrill of pain. We have a dapper postman now (for Beetleborough has enlarged its borders), and the post-office is a fountain of delight to all our household—now that it is thirty years since I pulled through. The story of that pull may be of use to some young Bokes ; so here it is, and much good may it do him.

I was a white-haired and pink-faced young student of the sort commonly known as "nice young men who play upon the flute." I was the accepted of Miss Tims, the lovely and accomplished daughter of John Tims, bookseller, Twickenham. I was myself only an orphan, with three hundred pounds for patrimony, but I had a wealthy Uncle James, a stocking-maker, nearly the kindest and entirely the most obstinate man alive, with whom I lived at Bradford, and in whom only, of things human, except myself, I had to trust. This Uncle James had many children of his own, and, while he took great pains to secure for me a perfect education, and to give me a right start in life, it was his whim or conscience to charge against me in a book the cost of education as a debt to his estate. He

would enable me, he said, to earn a good living, and would put me in the way of a sufficient livelihood, by liberal advances, not by gifts of money. But he would charge nothing on account of ordinary maintenance, either at Bradford or in London lodgings, while I was attending lectures. I believed he might be right. An easy, ready-made encumbrance to give gravity to one's start in the world might be the lock upon the leg that saves a colt from straying into pitfalls. But I, unfortunately, went head first into a pitfall, clog and all, and, had it not been for the clog, might possibly have scrambled out much sooner than I did.

I knew that I had white hair and played the flute. I knew also that I composed sentimental poetry to be read under trees to Miss Tims, and that your poet is no better than a dreamer. Some of that verse I printed in a gilt-edged book upon the credit of the three hundred pounds, out of which, when of age, I could pay any adverse balance to a friendly publisher and printer. I had, therefore, a reasonable doubt as to my own power of pulling through in life, and I looked eagerly towards the future. Uncle James considered my abilities to be unlimited; but was disgusted at my way of showing them. He kindly bought ten copies of *Flora's Awakening: Poems and Translations*. By T. Pawley. But for the next few months I found the leaves of that work applied to so many ignominious household uses, that I could not thank him with a good grace for his fifty shillings. Cousin Polly took from the ten copies the ten pages on which was an acrostic upon the word *Deborah*, and used them successively as kettle-holders for as many weeks. Little Bob had all the prefaces made for him into fly traps by Cousin Kate, and when this sort of torture seemed to be approaching the natural term set to it by the destructibility of paper, my good uncle liberally subscribed for ten copies more, which he enjoyed in like manner. Whenever I went home to Bradford, scraps of my own amatory verse were to be read at breakfast-time outside my cousin Polly's head. When my books were dissected, she seized upon that part of their contents—their very nerves—for curl-papers. What matter? They were also inside somebody else's heart. But the persecution conquered me: I forswore all farther printing of verse, and only continued to write it for another year or two.

One thing, however, I did not forswear, and that was Miss Tims that was, the good wife now asleep up-stairs. Uncle James wished in his good nature to provide for me; and, as he had great faith in me, if I would but sober into something practical, the desire of his heart was that I should become the husband of his Polly, who would have some thousands for her portion, out of which he could deduct my debt to him, and by help of which I could be handsomely settled in the world. Of all this he said nothing, but he set his face and his heart against Miss Tims. She had not a penny, she was a designing person, and her father was a retail tradesman. Could she honestly aspire to marry

a young gentleman whose uncle was a manufacturer of stockings, whose father had been a lieutenant in the army, and some of whose ancestors were knights before the civil wars?

"Why, what arms has Miss Tims?" asked the old gentleman.

"The whitest and roundest, uncle, with the neatest little hands——"

"Faugh, sir, what arms are those for a young gentleman to marry into!"

Deborah's father was a chubby bookseller, the cosiest of men, and her mother the most comfortable of good-humoured dames. They liked me well enough, but without the consent of my uncle I must not marry their daughter. They had their pride also, and I was forbidden to appear at Twickenham. But we persecuted young folks, who are now the happiest of old folks, held by one another in our hearts; and I looked forward for the new doubt, only the more eagerly into the future.

Desperately anxious, therefore, to begin the world, I qualified myself for practice at the age of twenty-one, and went into the country as assistant to a busy surgeon, only that I might be as free as I could make myself, while looking out for a fair opening in life. I watched advertisements, and put myself upon the books of medical agents, hoping for something that would satisfy my longing and pass muster with my uncle. It must be something very tempting that would justify me, to him, in rushing at the unripe age of twenty-one or twenty-two into the full responsibilities of independent practice.

To much noble promise I was deaf, until within a twelvemonth I had made a great discovery, and was put by a medical agent into communication with Ezekiel Hawley, Esq., M.D., of Beetleborough, who desired, on reasonable terms, to share evenly with me a practice of One Thousand Pounds a year.

Doctor Hawley had a frank way of correspondence, welcome to ingenuous youth, and his almost fatherly manner when we met inspired me with respect and confidence. It was the benevolence of a father—he was thirty years my senior—blended with the respect due from an equal. I had taken his fancy, as he found some way of saying; there was so much harmony of taste between us, and he had long felt the want in Beetleborough of a friend with literary tastes and enlarged sympathies with whom he could exchange, at the end of his day's work, a thought, a feeling, or a fancy. Beetleborough was in a wild pit country, and its gentry was composed chiefly of single ladies, while the great mass of its population was unformed. A partner, in such a district, was a pure misfortune if he could not be a friend, and he did hope, therefore, that we might come to terms. He had practised in the place for four-and-twenty years, but of late it had begun so rapidly to increase that his work grew upon his hands, when he was wishing for a little rest. He had earned enough for himself and his wife, with their two daughters, but he had no wish to

sink into absolute inactivity. Therefore, and because it was manifest that with help from a younger man's energy the practice could in a few years be doubled, he had thought of a partner. Purchase-money for the practice was no great consideration with him. His lawyer had fixed it at eight hundred and fifty pounds. He had himself no notion whatever of the sum that should be asked; he did not care how it was paid, and knew no more about law matters than he did of Avicenna's —. Here he named a work that I had never heard of, and gave an impression of great knowledge in professing ignorance. I went down to Beetleborough from a sunny western village that defiled the air with nothing coarser than a few wreaths of wood smoke. I left there a benighted population, in which every man, woman, and child not wearing broadcloth or silk made formal reverence before those textures. What I found was the place where I now live, a rich scene blackened and burnt, air thickened by day with smoke of a hundred coke heaps. It is so ablaze by night with the reflexion from blast-furnaces, that friends from London who come down to visit us in these our quiet days, for the first night or two cannot convince themselves that there are not houses on fire in every direction. Not a soul then gave to my broadcloth more than a rough stare. When, however, Dr. Hawley drove me in his gig to see "one or two of his poor pensioners," we had an insulting body-guard of little boys behind us, all the way up a hill.

"These are the free ways of the North," said the good doctor.

Tidier people looked at us with marked curiosity and interest, but I was glad to miss all the servile obeisances to which I had been of late accustomed.

Now that I have pulled through, it seems that all this happened for the best. I think it did. Nevertheless, for years and years I felt that if, instead of offering to any one of those small boys or of those wayfarers whom we met, a penny for his thoughts, I had offered and paid even five hundred pounds for the contents of the very emptiest head of them all, they would have been cheap to me at such a price. The juniors hooted and the elders stared; but not a creature said a word to save me from the ruin to which all thought I was doomed.

In the doctor's house I could see ledger and day-book. There was no lack of prescriptions and of patients' names, with heavy accounts registered as paid. I could ask my uncle to come down and see things for himself. Doctor Hawley entertained him blandly, left all to him as a man of the world, admired T. Pawley, but privately contrived to suggest that as T. P. was young and somewhat romantic, the alliance with a quiet old practitioner, who had experience of life, would be the very thing to keep him out of danger. Finally, the vicar came one evening, with one or two of the more serious supports of Beetleborough, and they supped with us at Doctor Hawley's, when a goose was cooked.

Hereupon Uncle James was so far satisfied, that, after the guests were gone, he came into my bedroom, gave me friendly counsel, promised to lend whatever of purchase-money was required beyond my own three hundred pounds (minus fifty paid for the Awakening of Flora), and consented to the partnership.

Early the next morning he returned to Bradford. I remained only to accept the terms of our new friend before going westward to await the arrival of a successor to the duties I was quitting, and abide discussion raised by lawyers on the deed of partnership I was about to sign. Everything went well. I returned again to Beetleborough; the deed was engrossed, and one morning, after receipt of a satisfactory letter from Uncle James, Doctor Ezekiel Hawley took me to the den of a local lawyer, where I signed what was to be signed and paid what was to be paid, as first instalment of eight hundred and fifty pounds, into what—though I then believed in my new comrade—I could not help feeling to be a very eager clutch. By the next post came peremptory orders from my uncle to sign nothing until he had got over a difficulty that occurred to him. The partnership was to be for seven years, at the end of which, on consideration of a further payment, Doctor Hawley would leave me in entire possession of the field. Uncle James was convinced that I should be unable to stand alone at the end of seven years, when my age would be only twenty-nine. It was essential that the seven should be altered into ten.

The suggestion was not complimentary to me, and it was one that I could not heartily back without calling myself a simpleton. Moreover, the papers were all signed; Doctor Hawley declared that he would not pledge himself to more than another seven years of work, and stood firm to the letter of the bond. We adjourned to Bradford. There I sturdily maintained that I was bound in honour, as in law, to abide by the agreement made. Then Uncle James maintained as sturdily that Doctor Hawley could not be an honest man, if he still held me bound, young as I was, against the wishes of my family. There Doctor Hawley held to his point with much profession of benevolence. At the same time, much to my great surprise, he contrived in a bland manner to say things, almost true as to the letter, but entirely false as to the spirit, that inflamed my uncle's wrath against me. Then having stung me in his anger to such answer as comes of the pride of youth, my Uncle James retreated to his inmost room.

Thither I followed him, and then I said: "Uncle, I will not break my word because you wish it, and because you promise to bear any risk I run in doing so. Forgive me, though, for having spoken warmly. You have been kind to me for years, and love me now. I feel it, and I meant no disrespect."

"Those are words," said Uncle James. "You, a boy, set up your judgment against that of your elders. You are bent upon refusing all advice. I give no more. Marry the trumpy girl



against whom I have warned you. Go and put yourself into that rascal's power."

"Miss Tims, sir, is worth a thousand of you all!"

"Ah, here you go again! Look here, young man. I, too, hold by my word. I have promised to lend you the six hundred pounds you want, above your own two hundred and fifty. Here is a cheque for that, and fifty pounds beyond it, that you may not start in the world altogether penniless. I have advanced you, for your education, two hundred and thirty-seven pounds odd shillings. Let that stand as two hundred. You will now, therefore, owe me eight hundred and fifty pounds, upon which, since you are in business, I shall expect interest at five per cent., payable half-yearly. Never apply to me again, for either money or advice. You choose to follow your own course. I leave you to it." And from that determination till his death he never swerved.

To a raw youth the first load of responsibility is rather welcome than unwelcome. It gives a sense of dignity by the demand it makes upon his power. The cares of manhood are as welcome to bold two-and-twenty as the coats of manhood to bold seventeen. My first act of prudence was to ensure the safe possession of my partnership by at once paying the rest of the purchase-money. While remaining in my hands, bank-notes might under some pressure change to gold, and gold to silver. To some fifteen pounds of discount for immediate payment, I observed timidly to Dr. Hawley that I was entitled. He assured me that he had no present want of the money, that he understood nothing about investments, for he held nothing but house property. If I paid him the money now, it only would lie idle at his banker's, and so if I knew how to make fifteen pounds of it by keeping it until the appointed days of payment, I had better keep it. Then, of course, I paid all to him on the spot, without deducting discount, and again observed, but not with suspicion, the swift clutch into which it was received. Up to this time, Doctor Hawley had been my constant companion in Beetleborough; indeed, we were inseparable. He now left me a little to myself.

There was at Beetleborough a poor broken-down surgeon—a Mr. Watts—upon the point of abandoning his work and going to another place to die. He had a wife and half a dozen sickly children, but no practice that he was clever enough to sell. While planning to take off his hands his house and furniture, with possibly some incidental scraps of practice that might stick to the house-walls, I pitied Watts with all my heart. But Doctor Hawley was so active in his behalf that he had undertaken the whole management of his affairs. Whether Watts, weakened by illness, could be influenced in spite of knowledge, or whether it was that he knew Hawley's power over me and looked to him as the best agent through whom to effect an advantageous transfer of his little properties, I cannot tell. Certainly Doctor Hawley was

allowed to assume the character of Watts's sympathising friend. Deborah's father had lent her a hundred pounds for purchase of furniture, an act of weakness on his part, he said. He could ill spare it, and I was to repay him in a year. Out of this I gave Watts forty pounds through Doctor Hawley's hands, and by the Doctor's private counsel, for a horse which I was forced to sell again for five pounds within half a year. I had only my partner's acknowledgment for that money, and discovered some months later that but twenty pounds of it were paid to the object of so much officious sympathy. It was already little less than a defrauding of the widow and the orphan, Watts was in his grave within a twelvemonth. He anticipated the approaching end by suicide.

Doctor Hawley went with me to Beetleborough, and then excused, on account of his sympathy with so much deep distress, an immediate return to London upon business relating to poor Watt's affairs. He hoped that he might yet find means to secure for his family some little opportunity of livelihood. It was not a busy time for practice, and he had lost ground, doubtless, by so many absences, but in a few days he would be back for good, and then we would both put our shoulders to the wheel. And so he vanished, not for days, but weeks.

In the mean time, only a few paupers came to me. I stuck close by the surgery, had leisure to wonder at the very small quantity of drugs dispensed, though an imposing array of jars and bottles, and perceived the curious monotony of the prescriptions in the day-book, which appeared to recognise one tolerably harmless compound as the universal medicine. My paupers were reserved in manner: those whom I visited appeared to be afraid of me; but all declared that Doctor Hawley was a wonderfully clever man.

The doctor occupied the handsomest house in the village. It was built by himself, and stood in large, neglected grounds. Who would not put faith in such a house as that, and the grey head that it roofed? The furniture was scanty, and the dinner table was supplied more freely with water and potatoes than with other sorts of food. In later days, when every man's business was forced on my knowledge, I knew from the butcher that the neat bill of that mansion had not averaged five shillings a week. But there was a very gentle lady in it—Mrs. Hawley—by whom there was given me for my Deborah a shilling copy, not a new one either, of Bogatzky's Golden Treasury. She was a pious, simple-hearted, trusting woman, and alas, alas! the faithful, penniless wife of a swindler. She had been married for her fortune, and the big house had been built out of it. The doctor, whose degree was one of the pretences upon which he lived, had spent every shilling she possessed. He had deluded her, as he deluded hundreds of people wiser in this world than she or I professed to be; but her only, for eighteen years, he kept in her delusion. His bland manner was practised on her constantly. When he had be-

come—as he had when he picked me up—the terror of the neighbourhood, and all honest men shunned him; when there were for years none whom she dared to visit, none who dared visit her; and when for months, in every year, her husband was away, following his own devices; she sat patiently at home, true to her faith in Heaven, and the man whom she had married. From her simple defence of him, when sometimes we were together in his absence, and before I knew how much defence he needed, I caught almost the first shadow of my doubt. Every one, she said, was jealous of his talents. Envy made people his enemies; besides, unhappily (that was indeed some grief to her), he had been misconstrued because he did not go to church. But his heart was so warm, he was so generous, she said, as she ate, shivering with frost by a few flickering coals, her scanty, solitary meal.

Could there be need, for so much parsimony, when I had just paid my friend eight hundred and fifty pounds. I had only twenty-five sovereigns left, outside whatever might arise as earnings from the practice, and I could not see the use of living upon water and potatoes.

One evening, there sat by the small basket of embers in our surgery an old man angered by the toothache. He planted himself on a stool. Dr. Hawley was expected home that night. Nobody should pull out his tooth but Doctor Hawley. He was a clever man, whatever he was. He meant to wait for him, so he sat down and grunted for a long time, till I ventured on a word of sympathy.

"You may just keep your pity for yourself, young man."

"Why? What do you mean?"

"Doctor Hawley's a deal cleverer than Master Pawley knows. But you'll not be the first to find it out."

I had already fallen into the first stage of heartache, and gave weight to the man's words. But I paid no outward heed to them, and did not answer him. After another ten minutes the toothache suddenly abated, and the sense of relief from pain touched the old fellow's mind, I suppose, for he suddenly broke out with—

"Hang it, I can't abide seeing you sit there by that glum candle, looking so young and so pale, without telling you right forward you're done for. There!"

"You may tell me what you please. Perhaps you mean well."

"I mean that the sooner you be gone the better. I've known this house eighteen years, and never have seen aught in it but misery. Ask any man, woman, or child in Beetleborough. Doctor Hawley's most amazing clever, but if there's a wickeder creature on the earth or under the earth—"

"Then why do you come to him? Why do you wait for him? Why have you anything to do with him?"

"Because he's the best doctor in the county. None of the gentlefolks or tradesfolks come to him. I'm one of his patients. He'll do me good, and

then I know he'll squeeze me. But I want to be done good to now—I'll take my chance about the squeezing. Many a poor man he's charged ten pounds for a week's illness, and had him to the Court of Requests, and at last clapped him into prison." The man's tongue once loose, wagged for an hour, pouring incident on incident of fraud and cruelty.

"I do not believe all this scandal. Doctor Hawley is in London even now for a kind purpose."

"He's in London now about two lawsuits, that's where he is. And that's where all the money goes that ever he has got. He's never out of lawsuits, and he'll soon be having one with you. Nobody put you on your guard, I suppose, when you first came here. Lots of us were sorry, but there wasn't one dared speak. It's actionable to speak truth of such a man."

"What if I tell him all you have been saying?"

"Keep it to yourself, young man, and turn it over. Look about, ask questions, and then go back home."

The doctor did not return that night, nor for another fortnight. To my written complaint that there was no practice at all, he replied that patients no doubt waited until he returned. He was ashamed to be so much absorbed over poor Watts, and so forth. When he did return it was but for three days, during which his behaviour strengthened every suspicion. Then he went back again to London.

In the mean time, I was practising among the poor, and giving to my housekeeper, one after the other, the twenty-five sovereigns which were all that I had to live upon. When they were all gone, the domestic assured me, with a bright face, that ready money did not matter, for I had the best of credit; and, since food was necessary, I began to live on credit and run into debt. No money whatever came to me from the practice. Nobody called upon me. But I lived quietly, made humble friends, saw that a fierce battle was before me, and made strong resolve, helpless as I might seem to be, that I would not succumb.

During my partner's second absence I procured distinct and legal evidence of the gross fraud that had been practised on me. I did not learn till afterwards how it was that the vicar's countenance had been obtained for the delusion of my uncle. Dr. Hawley, when our correspondence began, suddenly frequented the church services, and made, in the eyes of an evangelical preacher, so much ostentation of conversion through his ministry, that the good vicar, believing himself to be in a fair way to save a soul, would not risk disappointment in so great a work by staying away from a supper. It was the first and the last time of his supping in that house, for he soon saw what use had been made of him.

It may not seem to be an easy thing for a white-haired flute-playing boy of twenty-two, who has been fooled out of all his substance,

and a great deal more, to tell a grey-haired gentleman, in a cool, courteous, and determined way, that he has found him out to be a rascal. I had that to do.

Doctor Hawley did not appear surprised at the intelligence. With a wonderful ingenuity, indeed, he assumed the tone of an insulted, injured man; and turned upon me the character of a designing villain. But there was in his hypocrisy an under-current of brutal defiance, and a bitterness of insult obviously designed to drive me to extremes.

My temperate offer was that he should at once consent to a legal cancelling of the bond of partnership, setting me free, and keeping all the money I had paid. I would then retire to the house I was occupying, and do what I could alone in Beetleborough; but I would not leave the place. I had paid my footing, and would make my footing sure: on that I was resolved. To any settlement of our affairs so plain as this, Doctor Hezekiah would, on no account, consent. He held me to the bond, meaning thereby to force me into flight, and leave him free to effect another sale of the desirable position I had paid for.

"Very well, sir," said poor flute-playing Tom Pawley, "since we are to be partners, be it so. I will be your partner, but not your associate; will make a practice here in spite of you, and let you spend upon your lawyers half of what I earn. There is an end to seven years. Do what you may, I WILL pull through."

The doctor said in his heart that I should not, and spent all his ingenuity in making an untenable position look as hopeless and as wretched as might be. Still I was shunned and (what was hardly better) pitied by the Beetleborough people. But when they saw that, although Doctor Hawley's partner, I knew my position and was not his friend, and that, pale and meek and white-haired as I was, I ventured upon actual defiance of the parish ogre, pity disappeared. A curious visitor or two dropped in upon this little study into which I had crammed my books, and in which on many a lonely evening, after the day's calm endurance, I had sobbed over poor Deborah's desponding letters. Then my one friend the dog, in tribulation over my distress, would seize my arm between his paws, and leap up, with a distressed whine, to lick his master's hidden face. No matter. I had set every nerve for the contest. In the eyes of Beetleborough, I was light of heart and light of step; to some I may have seemed but as a cork floating about upon the surface of the storm.

Of course I could have fought and won my battle at the cost of certain life-long ruin in the Court of Chancery, to which all quarrels of partners are referred. Poverty and common sense preserved me from that folly. I was content to possess evidence that made me reasonably safe against attack by law on the next ground I ventured upon taking.

A gross act of my partner's involved me,

innocently, as a witness in an assize case, of which all the details were disgraceful. It was evident that the position I had chosen really was untenable. Therefore at last I said to my partner, "Do as you please. I have clear evidence of the fraud by which I was induced to sign the deed of partnership between us. From this day forward I shall act as if it were waste paper. I shall practise by myself and for myself. Hinder me if you can."

When my friends heard what young Pawley was about, horror and indignation seized them. They all gave him up as mad. A gaol would be the end of him. If I would leave Beetleborough and try fortune somewhere else (having no penny of means to do so), they could then believe in my discretion, but to face ruin, to defy the law, where were my senses?

And yet at Beetleborough tea-tables young Mr. Pawley was declared to be a braver fellow than he looked. In the village street he had many a warm gripe of the hand from men who had been bitten—as there were few who had not been bitten—by the ogre, and who liked him well for what they called his pluck. During his five-and-twenty years among these people Doctor Hawley had contrived to make, abuse, and forfeit, every one's friendship. His manners were insinuating—he knew how, being in truth very ignorant—to suggest high opinions of his own professional ability. He might, therefore, when I met with him, have been the wealthiest and most popular medical man in the county, instead of the restless, penniless adventurer that he had become through a diseased love of stray gains made in the lump by a dishonest cleverness. For his litigious character, even more than for the wrong he had done often to the weak and helpless, he was everywhere as much feared as he was hated.

Nevertheless, there was a wretched little tribe of village vagabonds attached to him, by whose agency he could distribute scandals through a very ignorant and scandal-loving population. For one week it was village talk that I had been seen drunk; next week there was a deceased patient of mine whom I had poisoned with an overdose of laudanum. Anonymous letters were sent to me, or addressed to those who showed themselves to have some care about me. Vagrants were sent to sing insolent ballads, tallying with the last libel—that might wound the fame, perhaps, of others with my own—beneath my window. Scandal so foul as some of that which spread can hardly be conceived by those who have not lived where ignorance and immorality abound. I knew the fountain of it all. Nothing on earth except my dog saw that I ever suffered. Whatever scandal came direct to me I put aside with the invariable answer to the questioner about it, "You know whence the report came, it is for you to believe it or not, as you please." I meant to pull through, and knew that I could not work like a horse—for as I had been obliged to sell my horse, and could not buy another, I did really perform a horse's rounds every day on foot—I could not do both

into the bargain. So I shut my eyes on Doctor Hawley; never took part in any talk about him; never abused him, nor complained of him. One day's rumour indeed set forth that Pawley and Hawley had been fighting with each other in the street, and it is most true that I never passed my partner and received the sneer which he took care to thrust at me from a malicious face, without a vigorous desire to lay my stick upon his back. O! how I could have beaten him! But I did nothing, and said nothing, and looked nothing. I simply did my work; quarrelled with nobody, bent before nobody; but sturdily and determinately facing the whole battery of persecution, looked neither to the right hand nor to the left, kept a firm grasp upon my plough, and went on with the furrow.

Care was, of course, taken to assure all my creditors that I was penniless, discarded by my family, already heavily in debt. Duns were thus raised about me. Lawyers were set to bait me for small debts. I had to give up my watch, every luxury of furniture, my books, and even yonder clock. Once even, in terrible want of a shilling, I sold Deborah's first love-gift, a gold locket. To fail here was utter shipwreck of our lives. It was ruinous to flinch at any sacrifice. Once, in spite of all, I had to spend a few nights with a bailiff in my bedroom; but I held on, for I *would* pull through.

Uncle James did not receive his interest at the close of the first half-year, neither did Mr. Tims receive his hundred pounds within a twelvemonth. Even poor Deborah began to think her Tom was mad, and clinging to him hopelessly, kept up his spirits twice a week with long, heart-breaking letters. How could I hope to conquer so much trouble?

As the blood rises when the tempest beats upon the face, and all the limbs grow vigorous when buffeting the wind, so flute-playing Tom Pawley was made, earlier than happens to beginners in all cases, something of a man through trouble. He saw no way out of his wood, but a quick marching steadily in one direction. He went into no by-path of false pretences; never denied access to a dun, nor cheated a creditor with more than fair expression of hopes, not in all seasons to be fulfilled. He found that the world was composed mainly of good fellows, glad enough to be generous and trustful with beginners who do not fear work, and who are open in their dealings.

So Thomas Pawley did pull through; and here I am! When I had worked quietly in Beetleborough, through two years of sharp trouble, and was clearly making way, Hawley had ceased to persecute me. Then it happened that, one evening when I was at tea, a middle-aged gentleman knocked at my door. I rang immediately for another cup and saucer, when I knew his errand.

"I am told, sir," he said, "that you were Doctor Hawley's partner."

"I was so," I replied, "by a deed that is not acted on."

"I have been advised to come and speak to you. I have just bought a partnership with Doctor Hawley. Some doubt has arisen in my mind. Things have been said to me——"

This gentleman had been a ship-surgeon; he had earned money enough in Australia to buy a practice in England, where there was a sweetheart he longed to marry. Hawley had found him. All his money was in Hawley's pocket.

"Can I make a practice here?" he asked.

"That," I said, "is what I now am doing."

"Hawley told me you were a young simpleton; an interloper in the place, starving upon a hundred pounds a year."

"I earn three hundred, but almost starve upon that. Through Doctor Hawley I am much oppressed with debt, and lose much that I earn in lawyers' costs, forced on me by impatient creditors. I shall succeed in the end. There may be room for both of us."

"Ah no!" my friend sighed. "I must go to sea again. The long hope of my life is at an end."

He went away from Beetleborough. He gave his last kiss to his sweetheart, and departed.

After this, I had no more obstruction from my partner; who, within another year, was himself taken from us all, to our great joy. In London he had turned up a few wealthy simpletons, one of whom was at last clever enough to put him in the dock of the Old Bailey. He was sent to the hulks; but I believe in my heart that he ought to have been sent forty years sooner to a lunatic asylum.

Meanwhile I stuck to Beetleborough, and time healed my wounds. These rough miners made festival about us, when the bells rang, and the carriage, in which I brought Deborah home, rolled to this door. We now have money, children, troops of friends, daily activity, and constant peace. We have pulled through, in fact, by force of strong, straightforward effort.

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